VOLUME L.

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1904.

NUMBER 25.

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Scientific American.

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

[CONTINUED.]

densely packed crowd and separated were pushing and shoving, and he sad ber face grow pale. He realized with a pang of sympathy how helpless he would feel if he were as small as she and at his utmost beight could only

see big, raffocating backs and huge thoulders pressing down from above He was keeping them from crowdin heavily upon her with all his strength and a royal feeling of protectiveness came over him. She was so little. And yet, without the remotest hint of bardess, she gave him such a distinct im ression of poise and equilibrium. She eemed so able to meet anything that night come, to understand it-even to augh at it-so Americanly capable and sure of the event that, in spite of her pale cheek, he could not feel quite so protective as he wished to feel.

He managed to get her to one of the ent poles and placed her with her back Then he set one of his own hands against it, over her head, brac ed himself and stood keeping a little



"Please don't do that," he answered. the crowd surge against him as it would. No one should touch her in

ough carelessness. "Thank you. It was rather trying it there," she said and looked up into his eves with a divine gratitude. "Please don't do that." he answered

in a low voice. "Do what?" "Look like that."

She not only looked like that, but "Young man, young man," the said, "I fear you're wishful of turn-

ing a giri's head." The throng was thick around them. garrulous and noisy, but they two were more richly alone together, to his appreciation, than if they stood on some far satellite of Mars. He was not to forget that moment, and he kept the plo ture of her, as she leaned against the big blue tent pole there, in his heart; the clear, gray eyes lifted to his, the piquant face with the delicate flush stealing back to her cheeks and the brave little figure that had run so straight to him out of the night shad ows. There was something about her and in the moment that suddenly touched him with a saddening sweetness too keen to be borne. The forgetme-not finger of the flying bour that could not come again was laid on his soul and he felt the tears start from his heart on their journey to his eyes He knew that he should always remem ber that moment. She knew it too She put her hand to her cheek and

lously. Both were silent. They had been together since early morning. Plattville was proud of him. Many a friendly glance from the folk who jostled about them favored his suit and wished both of them well, and many lips, opening to speak to Harkless in passing, closed when their own ers, more tactful than Mr. Bardlock,

looked a second time. Old Tom Martin, still perched alone on his high seat, saw them standing by the tent pole and watched them from under his dusty hat brim. "I reckon it's be'n three or four thousand years sence I was young," he sighed to himself. Then, pushing his hat still farther down over his eyes, "I don't believe I'd ort to rightly look on at that." He sighed again as he rose and gently spoke the name of his dead wife; "Marjie, I reckon you're mighty tired waitfor me. It's be'n lonesome some

"Do you see that tall old man up there?" said Helen, nodding her head toward Martin. "I think I should like to know him. I'm sure 1 like him."

"That is old Tom Martin." "I know." "I was sorry and ashamed about all must have been very unpleasant for you. It must have been so for a stranger. Please try to forgive me for letting you in for it."

natured, and that dear old man was so bright. Do you know," she went on in a low voice, "I don't believe I'm so much a stranger-I think I love all these people a great deal-in spite of having known them only two days."

At that a wild exhilaration possessed im. He wanted to shake bands with every soul in the tent, to tell them all that he leved them with his whole heart; but, what was vastly more important, she loved them a great dealin spite of Saring known them only two days.

He made the horses prance on the omeward drive, and once, when she told him that she had read a good many of his political columns in the Herald he ran them into a fence. After this it occurred to him that they were nearing their destination and had come at a perversely sharp gait, so he held the roans down to a snail's pace (if it be true that a snall's natural gait is not a

They found Mr. Fisbee in the yard, talking to Judge Briscoe. As they drove up and before the borses had onite stopped Helen leaped to the ground and ran to the old scholar with both her hands outstretched to him. He looked timidly at her and took the hands she gave him; then he produced from his pocket a yellow telegraph envelope, watching her anxiously as she received it. However, she seemed to attach no particular importance to it, and instead of opening it leaned toward him, still holding one of his

"These awful old men!" Harkless grouned inwardly as he handed the rses over to the judge. "I dare say he'll kiss her too." But when the edltor and Mr. Willetts had gone it was Helen who kissed Fisbee. "They're coming out to spend the

evening, aren't they?" asked Briscoe, nodding to the young men as they set off down the road. "Lige has to come whether he wants to or not," Minnie laughed rather con-

sciously. "It's his turn tonight to look after Mr. Harkless." "Well," returned his daughter, glanc ing at Helen, who stood apart reading

the telegram to Fishee, "I know if he

follows Mr. Harkless he'll get here pretty soon after supper-as soon as the moon comes up, anyway."

The editor of the Herald was late to his evening meal that night. It was dusk when he reached the hotel, and for the first time in history a gentleman sat down to meat in that house of entertainment in evening dress.

had finished, and it was Cynthia's

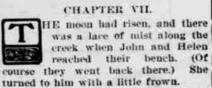
"evening out"-but the landlord, Co-

lumbus Landis, came and attended to

his wants himself and chatted with

him while he ate. "There's a picture of Henry Clay," remarked Landis in obvious relevancy to his companion's attire-"there's a picture of Henry Clay somewheres about the house in a swallow tail. Governor Ray spoke here in one, Bodeffer says; always wore one, except it was higher built up 'n yourn about the collar and had brass buttons. I think, Ole man Wimby was here again to night," the landlord continued, changing the subject. "He waited around fer ye a good while, but last he had to go. He's be'n mighty wrought up sence the trouble this morning an' wanted to see ye bad. I don't know if you seen it, but that feller 't knocked your hat off with a club got mighty near-tore to pleces in the crowd before he got away. Seems some of the boys re-cog-nized him as one of the Crossroads Skillets and sicked the dogs on him, and he had a pretty mean time of it. Wimby says the Crossroads folks 'll be worse 'n ever, and, says he, 'Tell him to stick close to town, says he. 'They'll do anything to git him now,' says he, 'and resk anything.' I told him you wouldn't take no stock in what any one says, and I knowed well enough you'd laugh that a-way. But, see here, we don't put nothin' too mean for them folks. I

tell ye, Mr. Harkless, all of us are The good fellow was so earnest that when the editor's supper was finished and he would have departed, Landis detained him almost by force until the arrival of Mr. Willetts, who, the landlord knew, was his allotted escort for the evening. When Lige came (wearng a new tie, a pink one he had hasened to buy as soon as his engageents had given opportunity) the landord hissed a savage word of reproach or his tardiness in his ear and whisperngly bade him not let the other out of reach that night. Mr. Willetts replied with a ned implying his trustworthiness, and the young men went out into the darkness.



course they went back there.) She turned to him with a little frown. "Why have you never let Tom Meredith know you were living so near him less than a hundred miles-when he has always liked and admired you above all the rest of mankind? I know that he has tried time and again to hear of you, but the other men wrote that they knew nothing, that it was thought you had gope abroad. I had beard of you, and so has he seen your name in the Rouen papers-about the White Caps and in politics-but he would never dream of connecting the rupted, and in spite of his contritio that conspicuousness and shouting. It Plativille Mr. Harkless with his Mr. he found her angry voice delicious, i Harkless; though I did, just a little, in was still so sweet, hot with indigna a vague way. I knew you, of course, tion, but ringing, not barsh. "Don't

"Rouen seems rather far away to me," he answered quietly. "I've been there only once, half a day on business. Except that, I've never been much farther than Amo-and then for a convention or to make a speech-since I came

yourself up like this! I said it was fine to drop out of the world, but why have you cut off your old friends from you? Why haven't you had a relapse now and then and come over to hear Ysaye play and Melba "ng, or to see Mansfield or Henry 17ving, when we have had them? And do you think you've been quite fair to Tom? What right had you to assume that he had forgot

"Ob, I didn't exactly mean forgot ten," he said, pulling a blade of grass to and fro between his fingers and staring at it absently. "It's only that I have dropped out of the world, you know. They rather expected me to do a lot of things, and I haven't done them. Possibly it is because I am sensitive that I never let Tom know. They expected me to amount to something, but I don't believe his welcome would be less hearty to a failure—he is good heart."

"Failure!" she cried and clapped her hands and laughed. "I'm really not very tragic about it though I must seem consumed with self pity," he returned, smiling. "It is only that I have dropped out of the world while Tom is still in it." "'Dropped out of the world!" " sh echoed impatiently. "Can't you see you've dropped into it? That you"-

praise of my graceful mode of quitting "And so you wish me to be consist ent," she retorted scornfully. "What pecomes of your gallantry when we abide by reason?"

"Last night I was honored by your

"True enough; equality is a denial of "And privilege is a denial of equal

ity? I don't like that at all." She turned a serious, suddenly illuminated face upon him and spoke earnestly: "It's my bobby, I should tell you, and I'm tired of that nonsense about 'wom en always sounding the personal note. It should be sounded as we would sound it. And I think we could bear the loss of 'privilege' He laughed and raised a protesting

"But we couldn't."

"No. you couldn't. It's the ribbon o superiority in your buttonhole. I know several women who manage to live without men to open doors for them, and I think I could bear to let a man pass before me now and then or wear his hat in an office where I happened to be, and I could get my own ice at a dance, I think, possibly with even less tuss and scramble than I've sometimes observed in the young men who have done it for me. But you know you would never let us do things for ourselves, no matter what legal equality might be declared, even when we get representation for our taxation. You will never be able to deny yourselves giving us our 'privilege!' I hate being waited on! I'd rather do things for

She was so earnest in her satire, so full of scorn and so serious in her meaning, and there was such a contrast between what she said and her personshe looked so pre-eminently the pretty marquise, the little exquisite, so essen tially to be waited on and helped, to have cloaks thrown over the dampnes for her to tread upon, to be run about for-be could see half a dozen youths rushing about for her ices, for her car riage, for her chaperon, for her wrap, at dances-that to save his life he could not repress a chuckle. He managed to make it inaudible, however and it was as well that he did. "I understand your love of newspa

per work," she went on less vehement ly, but not less earnestly. "I have al ways wanted to do it myself, wanted to immensely. I can't think of a more fascinating way of earning one's living. And I know I could do it. Why don't you make the Herald a daily?" To bear her speak of "earning one's living" was too much for him. She gave the impression of riches, not only by the fine texture and fashioning of her garments, but one felt that luxurles had wrapped her from her birth. He had not had much time to wonder what she did in Plattville. It had oc curred to him that it was a little odd that she could plan to spend any extent of time there, even if she had liked Minnie Briscoe at school. He felt that she must have been sheltered and petted and waited on all her life. One could not help yearning to wait on her. He answered inarticulately, "Ob, some day," in reply to ber question and then fell into outright laughter.

"I might have known you wouldn't take me seriously," she said, with no indignation, only a sort of wistfulness. "I am well used to it. I think it is be cause I am not tall. People take big girls with more gravity. Big people are nearly always listened to."

"Listened to!" he said, and felt that be must throw himself at her feet. 'You oughtn't to mind being Titania She was listened to. You"-

She sprang to her feet, and her eyes flashed. "Do you think personal comment is ever in good taste?" she cried flercely, and in his surprise he almost fell off the bench. "If there is one thing I cannot bear, it is to be told that I am 'small!' I am not. Every one who isn't a giantess isn't 'small.' I detest personalities. I am a great deal over five feet, a great deal more than that "Please, please," he said, "I didn't"

"Don't say you are sorry," she inter when you came into Mr. Halloway's say you didn't mean it, because you

member you! Ah!" She drew in her breath with a sharp sigh and, covering her face with her hands, sank back upon the bench. "I will not cry," she said, not so firmly as she thought she

"My blessed child!" he cried in great distress and perturbation. "What have

I done? 1-I"-"Call me 'small' all you like," sh answered. "I don't care. It isn't that You mustn't think me such an im becile." She dropped her hands from her face and shook the tears from her eyes with a mou-nful little laugh. He saw that her fingers were clinched tightly and her lip trembled. "I will not cry," she said again.

"Somebody ought to murder me. ought to have thought-personalities are bideous"-"Don't! It wasn't that."

"Ah, please don't say that," she said

shuddering, "Please don't, not even as a joke, after last night!" "But I ought to be for hurting you Indeed" She laughed sadiy again. "It wasn't

"I ought to be shot"-

that. I don't care what you call me. I am small. You'll try to forgive me for being such a baby? I didn't mean anything I said. I haven't acted so badly

since I was a child." "It's my fault, all of it. I've tired you out, and I let you get crushed at the circus, and"-"That!" she said. "I don't think yould have missed the circus." He had a thrilling hope that sh

neant the tent pole. She looked as if she meant that, but he dared not let himself believe it. "No," he continued, "I have been a 've fairly worn out your patience, I've stay. I know you would if you knew

aunted you all day, and I have"-"All that has nothing to do with it," | go in the morning." he said, with a gentle motion of her hand to bid him listen. "Just after you left this afternoon I found that I could not stay here. My people are going abroad at once, and I must go with them. That's what is almost making me cry. I leave here tomorrow morn

He felt something strike at his bear in the sudden sense of dearth he had no astonishment that she should be tray such agitation over her departure from a place she had known so little and friends who certainly were not part of her life. He rose to his feet. and, resting his arm against a sycamore, stood staring away from her at nothing. She did not move. There was a long slience. He had wakened suddenly. The skies had been sap phire, the sward emerald, Plattville Camelot of romance, a city of enchant ment, and now, like a meteor burned out in a breath, the necromancy fell The thought of the square, his dusty office, the bleak length of Main street as they would appear tomorrow gave it had all been touched to beauty. He the waking was to arid emptiness. He should die now of hunger and thirst in this Sahara. He hoped the fates would let it be soon, but he knew they would not; knew that this was hysteria, that in his endurance he should plod on. plod, plod dustily on, through dingy,

lonely years. There was a rumble of thunder fa out on the western prairie. A cold breath stole through the hot stillness and an arm of vapor reached out be tween the moon and the quiet earth. Darkness fell. The man and girl kept silence between them. They might have been two sad guardians of the black little stream that plashed unseen at their feet. Now and then a reimued them with a green light. Thunder rolled nearer, ominously. The god were driving their charlots over the bridge. The chill breath passed, leaving the air again to its bot inertia. "I did not want to go," she said at

last, with tears just below the surface of her voice. "I wanted to stay here but he-they wouldn't-I can't"-"Wanted to stay here?" he said hus kily, not turning. "Here? In Indiana ?" "Yes."

"In Rouen, you mean?" "In Plattville." "In Plattville." He turned now, a

"Yes. Wouldn't you have taken on the Herald?" She rose and came to ward him. "I could have supported myself here if you would, and I've studied how newspapers are made. know I could have earned a wage, could have helped you make it a daily." He searched in vain for a trace of raillery in her voice. There was none. She seemed to intend her words to be taken literally.

"I don't understand," he said. don't know what you mean." "I mean that I want to stay here that I ought to stay here; that my conscience tells me I should; but can't, and it makes me very unhappy That was why I acted so badly.

"Your conscience," he cried. "Oh. I know what a jumble and p zle it must seem to you!"

that I shall never see you again. The darkness had grown intense. wan glimmer gave him a fleeting, misty view of her. She stood half turned

so much like losing everything, that he found too much to say to be able say anything.

He tried to speak and choked a little. A big drop of rain fell on his bare head. Neither of them noticed the weather or cared for it. They stood with the renewed blackness hanging

like a drapery between them. "Can-can you-tell me why think you ought not to go?" he whispered finally with a great effort.



madly happy in being with you that would think I am right in wanting to

about it; but I can't, I can't. I must "I should always think you right," he answered in an unsteady tone, "always." He went over to the bench, fumbled about for his hat and picked

What Will be the Total Vote. What the addition to the total umber of voters in the country is likely to be this year is very hard to conjecture, for the reason that between 1896 and 1900, so far as the election returns show, there was practically no gain in the number of electors. From 1876 to 1880 there was a gain of 800,000; from 1880 to 1884 a gain of 1,000,000; from 1884 to 1888, a gain of 1,300,000; from 1888 to 1892, a gain of 500,000, and from 1892 to 1897, a gain of 1,000,000. Between 1876 and 1896 the popular yote for presidential electors increased 65 him a faint physical sickness. Today per cent, or from 8,400,000 to 13,000,-

had felt fit to live and work here a Apparently owing to the fact that thousand years-a fool's dream, and a vast multitude of voters did not go to the polls at all in 1900, the total popular vote in that year was only on the West Liberty and Mingo pike, 40,000 greater than it was in 1896; five miles east of West Liberty, in and if anything like a full vote is Monroe township, polled next fall, there should be an enormous and unprecedented increase the following property: in the total vote. In the eight years TWO HORSES -One black gelding. ending November, 1896, this vote increased 2,400,000 and, as the popula- mare, 7 years old, well broke to tion of the country has been steadily single and double. expanded since 1896, the total vote this year should show a far greater shorthorn, fine milker. One Jersey increase than that of the 1888 96.

difficult to forecast what the increase grade shorthorn. One coming onein this vote may be is the fact that year-old Holstein steer calf. One flection of faraway lightning faintly an exceptionally large number of im- coming yearling heifer, high grade migrants have landed on our shores shorthorn. in recent years. In the eight years ended with 1903 over 3,500,000 foreign born persons were added to our popu- pivot axle corn plow Brown make, 1 lation, and a considerable proportion of these persons is now naturalized, plow, 1 McSherry grain drill, 1 Moand they will take part in the next line corn planter, I steel frame harelection. What the proportion may row, 1 hay rake, 1 corn sheller, 1 be, however, it is impossible to judge | Walter A. Wood binder good as new, It is none too early for political I double Harpoon fork, rope and pulleaders and managers to grasp the leys, I wagon, set of hay ladders, 2 fact that "first voters" are likely to sets of double harness, 1 buggy, good constitute a more important factor as new, 1 grindstone. Fairbanks in the approaching campaign than platform scales, weighs 1,200 lbs. ever before, and, as a consequence, I sugar sled, I three barrel hauling that they are likely to prove a great- tank. er unknown quantity than has ever Terms-All bills amounting to over been the case bitherto. Evidently five dollars, a credit of nine months both of the great political parties with approved security. All bills will need to do a vast amount of mis-

The First Savings.

in November.

The ability to earn and save up, particulary to save up, the sum of of age very largely determines the April 23 to May I. Choice of routes question whether the young man shall going and returning. Correspondingacquire a competency for his old age ly low rates from all points. Two or whether he will have to depend upon the charity of his friends, die in a poorhouse and be buried in a "I only know one thing-that you are paupers grave. The saving of the going away tomorrow morning and first \$100 involves all the self denying and economic methods on a small scale which are incident to the accum-They could not see each other, but a ulation of a fortune. The doing this will be as hard a financial problem from him, her hand to her cheek in to most young men as they will tackle the uncertain fashion of his great mo- any time during their lives. The ment in the afternoon. Her eyes, he sum of \$100 is not very large amount saw in the flying picture that he it is true; still, the earning and sav- parts of the farm known as the Jocaught, were troubled, and her hand ing of it make it an educational fac- siah Austin farm near East Liberty. trembled. She had been irresistible in tor of almost incalculable value. The first tract of 50 acres near Midher gayety, but now that a mysterious The boy who has carned and saved dleburg known as the Phelps place. distress assailed her, of the reason for this sum has learned, in the first The second 461 acres near the village which he had no guess, she was so place, that most important lesson— of East Liberty. For terms apply to adorably pathetic and seemed such a the real value of a dollar; that it ELIZABETH AUSTIN and SARAH J. ng you in for it."

But I liked it. It was 'all in the lecture the other evening. But why alter it, and this is the way I must rething to have come into his life only to pression of purely animal tastes and mail to C. A. Freer, Collinwood, O.

patience, manliness; it knocks the easy come, easy go, idea of money, which so many young men have, all to peices; it teaches him how to say 'No!" and stick to it; then he learns the cohesive power of a dollar, for one dollar will draw other dollars to itself; also to the accumulative power which combined dollars have over individual and scattered ones. By saving \$100 thus he will learn to respect money and value it rightly as the important factor It is in his own developement as a man. No boy who may read this item, and a great many will, can do a better or more sensible thing for himself than to resolve that he will earn-honestly earn-and save not less than \$100 by the time he is twenty, and, our word for it, the ex-

in after life.-Ex. American Apples Abroad.

perience and discipline he will under-

go in the doing of it will be worth

more than a thousand dollars to him

It is surprising how our American apples are now sought in Europe. Since last fall nearly 3,000,000 barrels of apples, almost a million more than in the previous year, have been exported from American ports. Most of these have gone to Great Britain and other European countries, where they have found a ready market at

good prices. It is now quite common to find the baldwin and the pippin in the small stores and on the peddlers' stands in the large cities of Germany. They are packed with especial care, and although they lose some of the flavor in transportation, they have become

great favorites. It is a curious fact that evaporated apples from America are now extensively used in France when there is shortage of the native crop for winemaking purposes. The peasants make a cheap drink-a sort of substitute for wine pressed from the grape. The Germans also make an inex-

the practice is not so general with them as with the French, and the exports of American dried apples to Germany are therefor more limited. But the apple exports of this country are on the whole becoming a very important item of foreign trade. The farmers of Germany and France know how to utilize the apples which the American farmer often allows to

pensive wine from dried apples: but

to rot on the ground, and dried apple wine is frequently drunk in our American cities with little suspicion that it was raised in our orchards. Pubic Sale.

I will offer for sale at my residence

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1904,

well broke to single line. One sorrel COWS-One red cow, high grade and Holstein, great milker. Two A thing that renders it extreme.y coming two.year-old helfers, high

> One Chester White sow. FARMING IMPLEMENTS - One double shovel plow, I single shovel

amounting to five dollars and under sionary work if they hope for victory cash. Sale to commence at 10 a. m.

E. D. CAMPBELL. COULTER ALLEN, Auctioneer.

\$50.00 to California and Return. Via The Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line, from Chicago, trains a day from Chicago through without change. Daily and personally conducted tourist car excursions. Write for itinerary and full parti-

culars regarding special train leaving Cnicago April 26. A. F. CLEVELAND, 234 Superior Street, 22-7t Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale.

Two tracts of pasture land. Both